LETTERS

OF

MARCUS

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Marcus's Letters.

LETTER I.

IT is impoſſible to peruſe ſome of the daily publications of this City without indignation and aſtoniſhment. Erroneous intelligence, trite remarks, and ill-vouched anecdotes, will ſometimes find their way into the beſt newſpaper; but to have the eye ſaluted with panegyric on tyranny, *Io Pæans* for maſſacre, and exhortations to robbery and murder, accompanied with complaints of an arbitrary government and expiring liberty, are ſoleciſms to which civilized ſociety cannot be eaſily reconciled.

Whenever an epiſtle with the ſignature of Thomas Paine, (that Apoſtle of ſedition and iniquity comes forward) I obſerve that his hungry diſciples ſeem to inhale freſh vigour and audacity; it operates like a ſort of literary whiſkey, and every wretch who ſwallows it becomes in proportion to the draught more noxious and deſperate.

In vain has that malignant varlet been traced like a ſnail by its ſlime, through every period of his ſhameful exiſtence; his life and actions have been expoſed, his impracticable politics examined and refuted; he perſeveres in ringing the changes on two words, and twice the number of notions, and the intoxicated rabble grow giddy at the ſound, and continue to reel to it. His want of principle and probity is ſo notorious, that no man of caution would

would truſt him in an ordinary dealing for forty ſhillings; yet the viſions of this poor mechanic, this diſcarded exciſeman, this bankrupt retailer of pipes and tobacco, this pilfering polygamiſt, are to overturn the fabric raiſed by the united wiſdom of ages, and cemented with the blood of prelates, princes and patriots; and religion, allegiance, principles and property are to be again jumbled into one maſs of confuſion, that this miſcreant with half a dozen petty foggers of the Paris Convention may pick ſomething out of the rubbiſh to make mankind more opulent, more virtuous, more happy, and more enligthened! See him in his laſt flight from England to Paris, lured like a vulture by the ſcent of blood, and from his perch among a flock of cadaverous harpies, croaking out freſh bodings of aſſaſſination and butchery! He boaſts to have contributed to the eſtabliſhment of a Republic in America. Why did not he remain in it? For this plain reaſon, the laws were too ſevere, and he was too miſchievous. Had he dared to utter againſt the American Government the tenth part of that vile obloquy which he has vomited out with impunity againſt our lenient magiſtracy, he would have been laſhed at the cart's-tail from province to province, or with a brand on his forehead, would have been caſt down to rave in a dungeon.

It is not eaſy at firſt ſight, to aſſign a reaſon why men ſo turbulent and vicious as Mr. Thomas Paine, affect to be advocates for a Republic. It is of all governments the moſt rigid, and leaſt tolerant of ſpeculative innovations. The truth is, that they wiſh to agitate it where it is not, and to fly from it where it is; their own circumſtances are deplorable, and the waves of contention may lift them a little higher.

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The principal Republics of Europe are thoſe of Genoa Venice, Holland and Switzerland. In the two former, no man is ſo ignorant of the danger as to open his lips about the Government. Upon the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion, the moſt queſtionable information, ſeizure and impriſonment follow; the pain of the rack either makes the crime, or extorts the confeſſion; and at Venice, whether the gilt be real or imputed, the ill-fated convict, ſewed up in a ſack with a heavy ſtone to ſink him, finds his way to the bottom of a canal, thoſe of that gentle Republic being particularly commodious for ſuch equitable purpoſes. In Holland the ſcourge, the pillory, or the raſp-houſe, are as frequent and common as duels at an election, or oaths in a brandy-ſhop. The Swiſs Republicans who endure no ſtrictures upon their rulers or their policy, œconomically prohibit all expence in dreſs, and conſcientiouſly hire out their fellow-citizens to "fight for any God or man," to any ſtate which has occaſion for their ſervice, and the means to pay for it: and having few attachments and little ſenſibility, they have been hitherto conſidered as the beſt and moſt faithful inſtruments of deſpotiſm in every country which has engaged them as mercenaries. France, in its preſent condition, does not deſerve to be dignified even with the name of a Republic. It is *rudis indigeſtaque moles*, a chaos of wickedneſs and frenzy, a patch-work of impertinence and anarchy, compounded of little temporary expedients, decrees upon decrees, embryos upon embryos, novelty upon novelty, till the whole looks like ſomething realized from the dreams of a lunatic, rather than a deliberate ſyſtem of ſober juriſprudence to regulate the conduct, and ſecure the happineſs of thoſe who are to be its ſubjects.

After deſpotiſm was eſtabliſhed in Rome, when the

the legions began to grow discontented and mutinous, the Emperor ordered a donative; when the rabble in France grow restive or torpid, the assemblies order a massacre, and the springs of the state machine thus oiled perform their functions admirably, and for some weeks the wheels move on without hitch or impediment. Though the common people of that miserable country are cruel and cowardly enough to delight in murder for itself, yet they have another inducement: Massacre is never unattended with pillage and robbery.

The cry for the Royal Blood of France, of late grows louder, and has often been reiterated, and we foresee with horror, that that blood will soon smoke upon the Altar of Moloch. When the deed is done, the curtain may drop, for the tragedy will be complete: France may then challenge the history of mankind, from the first page of Genesis to the present moment, to produce an atrocity which she has not exceeded.

We should contemplate the multiplied calamities of France, with which we are not linked either by alliance or affection, with no other feeling than such as is inseparable from humanity, did not some busy incendiaries of this country labour to connect them with an important question of our internal policy, which will shortly be determined by our own Legislature. I am unwilling to enter into this business, from which I apprehend either sufficient disappointment to one denomination of our fellow-subjects, or much disgrace and danger to the other. All means have been tried, every artifice has been practised to convert the hitherto dutiful demeanor of our Catholic brethern into a spirit of demand and menace. In a Morning Paper of last Monday, immediately after an advertised quarterly Meeting of Catholics in Essex-street,

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follows a mandate for a general illumination of the Metropolis to celebrate an event, which fills every human breaſt with deep affliction. A Proteſtant Army, led by a proteſtant Prince, the brother-in-law of our Sovereign, who took the field to reſcue the Royal Family of France, has, through unforeſeen calamities, retired from its territories. If the Proteſtants of Dublin do not manifeſt their joy that the King and Queen of France and their children are to be butchered, the enſlaved people who have not yet the Elective Privilege, will ſhatter their windows, or daſh their brains out with ſtones as they paſs through their chambers. How this monſtrous inſult upon Government has been fruſtrated, we know authentically: Our Parliament will without doubt, by annexing ſevere penalties, prevent the repetition; the laws are mild, but they muſt not be trampled upon.

With regard to the preſent ſubject of acclamation for a humane and loyal people, the retreat of the Pruſſians, I am one of thoſe who never expected much from that enterpriſe; in one reſpect I was ſo much of a Frenchman, as to look upon an invaſion of half a million of foreign forces, a combinarion of all the Powers in Europe as comparatively little, as loſt in the vaſt ocean of calamities with which France was environed by her own internal wickedneſs and frenzy. A confederacy of deſperate and atheiſtical Pageants, oppoſing their crude ſuggeſtions to the deliberate wiſdom of centuries, diſſolving all the ties which keep ſociety together, infecting the public mind with the moſt pernicious doctrines, exhorting to, and glorifying with falſe names the blackeſt acts of villiany—ſuch a ſtate has in itſelf the inevitable ſeeds of diſſolution, and may ſoon crumble into atoms without the ſhock of external violence.

MARCUS.

LETTER. II.

THOUGH the undertaking may be attended with ſome trouble and inconvenience, it ſeems to be the duty of every perſon who has leiſure and opportunity, to ſtep forward at preſent and oppoſe that torrent of miſrepreſentation and falſehood which rolls down in ſuch abundance from more than one licentious preſs in this city: To make that which is in itſelf glaringly abſurd and flatigious more ſo by analyſis, is an irkſome labour. A man has not the ſatisfaction of applauding the ſagacity of his perceptions or the ingenuity of his eſſay, when he has proved that Rebellion, Robbery and Maſſacre don't deſerve the name of Public Virtue, and that they are not the beſt expedients to ſecure the tranquillity and happineſs of a country. Had the antagoniſts a better cauſe, and more abilities, the conteſt would be pleaſanter.

Some freſh complaints, in the uſual ſtrain againſt the Magiſtrates and the Government for preventing an illumination on the 29th of laſt month, have juſt reached me. Let us examine this point for a moment.

Illuminations were intended as manifeſtations of general joy for ſome event honourable or felicitous to the public. By what violence of conſtruction the avowed occaſion of the laſt could be brought under this deſcription, I know not. It was prevented, and no miſchief enſued; but it is to be hoped that a great benefit may reſult from the attempt, as it will probably lead to the abolition of the practice; at leaſt when evidently intended to promote the purpoſes of ſedition. Joy and ſorrow are involuntary affections—they flow from the heart; but to rejoice or to lament by the word of command,

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is a new ſpecies of tyranny. To be ordered to exult for a ſubject of affliction, or to mourn for one of triumph, is worſe; it is an impoſt upon the mind, an exciſe upon the inclinations. Were every libellous newſpaper, every club of factious babblers ſuffered thus to inſult the public, how innumerable might be the occaſions—how intolerable the grievance! We ſhould then indeed, live in a land of ſlavery, and under the moſt deſpicable domination. How did we eſcape an illumination for the poiſoning the laſt Emperor of Germany, (the Queen of France's Brother), or for the aſſaſſination of the King of Sweden? patriotiſm had not then ripened to its preſent maturity. Had the laſt intended glorification taken place, there would have been no end of the cuſtom. The violent or natural death of every crowned head of Europe might be ſo commemorated, and perhaps among the reſt, had it pleaſed providence to deprive us of our own excellent Sovereign, (whoſe precious life may Heaven long continue to us!) that ſad event had been proclaimed by a blaze from our windows.

The ſame authority which is imperative upon us to rejoice, may with equal right command us to mourn. Should Mr. Thomas Paine happen to be hanged at a lamp-poſt, (no improbable caſe) or the ardent courage of Mr. Tandy, (one leſs probable) bringing his cataſtrophe from a piſtol in the fifteen acres, there might be a newſpaper advertiſement, or a circulating hand bill, ordering a twelvemonths mourning, and woe to the diſobedient or refractory! In ſhort ſo multiplied might be the pretences for lamentation, that a party-coloured wardrobe would be uſeleſs, and ſables our only wear, or half our evenings might paſs in the ſmoke and ſtink of tallow-candles, and half the occupation of our domeſtics in watching that the houſe was

not conſumed by them. In addition to all this I will venture to affirm, that there is no tax impoſed by the Legiſlature for the neceſſary ſupport of Government half ſo expenſive, and that perſons whoſe means are but juſt competent to the decent appearance required from their ſtations in life, amidſt all this oſtentation of joy, would find a very ſubſtantial cauſe for complaint and ſorrow.

But let the ſtream of ſedition of late break out at what apperture it may, trace it up, and you find the ſource in the new Catholic Requiſitions. It is curious to obſerve the various dreſs aſſumed to diſguiſe the true nature of this demand, and it's various language: Sometimes it is in gala, and ſometimes in mourning; it reaſons, it menaces, and it implores. Three Millions of Subjects (their own computation) without the Right of Suffrage, are in a ſtate of Slavery—they muſt be free, they can enjoy no comfort of life, their thoughts are diſtracted, their occupations interrupted, and their ſweet ſleep broken.—"*Nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*" How long they have been afflicted with this unfortunate paſſion, we know not: If the feeling is old, the language at leaſt is new, and if I am not miſtaken, is but coeval with the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

If we muſt commiſerate their deplorable ſtate on account of this privation, we muſt be allowed at the ſame time, to extend our ſympathy to the ſimilar diſtreſs of at leaſt ninety-nine out of a hundred of our Proteſtant fellow-ſubjects: There is at leaſt that proportion of Proteſtant gentlemen of birth, rank, fortune and character, who never have been, never will be, or never can be Members of Parliament—but they are eligible, and Papiſts are not.—True; but if ſo many deſire

ſure this diſtinction, and can't obtain it, they are virtually and efficiently excluded, no leſs than the Papiſt is conſtitutionally. We ſhould be a poor nation, and a ſhallow one indeed, if all the wealth of the kingdom were in the pockets, and all its wiſdom in the heads of thoſe only who had a right to wear hats upon them in the Octagon Chamber, "half a bow ſhot from the College." —The fair exerciſe of religion and conſcience, the ſecurity of perſon and property, to keep or to diſpoſe of what fortune has conferred, or induſtry procured, are the unqueſtionable rights of every man born in a free State; and Proteſtant law-makers will not ſuffer their infringment. I have never heard that happineſs was inſeparable from the poſſeſſion of Offices of Truſt and Profit, from holding Commiſſions in the Army, or ſpeaking and voting in Parliament; as to the laſt, many and many gentlemen undergo it, not from inclination, but a ſenſe of duty—and when we conſider the unſeaſonable hours which muſt be ſpent, the unwholeſome vapours to be inhaled, ~~calumnious~~ the tedious harrangues to be endured, (undoubtedly at times among much wiſdom and eloquence) and the miſrepreſentation, calumny and ſcurrility of next day's newſpaper, the exemption from this ſort of ſervice ſhould perhaps be contemplated, not with compaſſion but with envy.

Are gentlemen aware how much is compriſed within the few words "A Popiſh Right of Suffrage?" A Popiſh religion, a Popiſh King, a Popiſh Parliament, and a popiſh Conſtitution. What confuſion worſe confounded, would enſue from Proteſtant and Popiſh intereſt, contending within the ſame little cock-pit! The Proteſtant watching the Papiſt, and the papiſt eluding the Proteſtant, each contended with a momentary advantage, and the

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public good lying proſtrate between both, lacerated or trampled upon.

The King at his coronation, laying his hand on the holy goſpel, ſwears to maintain the Proteſtant reformed religion eſtabliſhed by the law. Every gentleman who qualifies ſwears to the ſame purport. The caſuiſtry muſt be ſubtle indeed, which can reconcile him to a Popiſh Legiſlature. I know no ſecret intention of Government, nor can penetrate into the future deciſions of Parliament, but I rely much upon their equity and wiſdom. This cloud will paſs away, and when the light returns, men will wonder that malignant influence could ſo long have obſcured their uſual diſcernment.

If we are ſo prepoſterous as to look into France, (that abyſs of horror) for any improvement of our happy conſtitution, common ſenſe revolts, and humanity ſhudders at the experiment. It would be like chuſing a preceptor of moralityfrom the King's Bench dock, or the hulk of the Juſtitia; our natures, and every thing elſe muſt be inverted—"*Scelerique nefando, nomen erit virtus.*"

The modern Republicans and equalizers of France are the diſciples of ſuch men as Voltaire, Roſſeau, Delambert, the Mirabeaus, Paine, and others of the ſame deſcription. Some of theſe were men of parts and learning, though Paine is not. From ſome they learned impiety, from others ſcepticiſm, and wickedneſs from *all*. To other titles their followers are pleaſed to confer upon them, they added for themſelves the name of philoſophers.—This term formerly implied wiſdom, temper and virtue, but taken from their example it means an utter diſbelief of all religion, and the promulgation of certain ſpeculations on Government and Liberty, directly repugnant to

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the ſenſe and experience of all the wiſeſt and beſt men who have thought or publiſhed on ſuch topics.

It is well perhaps for the peace of mankind, and the good order of ſociety, that ſome knowledge of theſe men's lives and actions has accompanied the circulation of their opinions. The antidote going along with the poiſon. Naturaliſts tell us of a ſerpent, which carries in its head a remedy for the venom of its own ſting.

Voltaire's profligacy was ſo well known, that though he was admired for the ſplendor of his talents, he was never truſted: The ſame hand which wrote libels on ſcripture, and panegyrics upon virtue and honour, was too often ſtretched out to defraud, and pocket gain obtained very ſcandalouſly.

In his confeſſions, Rouſſeau has told the world, that he was diſhoneſt and perfidious; he has paſſed as an atrabillious malecontent, diſguiſing under an appearance of ſimplicity, much latent pride and vanity, for ever doubting, and often uniformed, ſingularly abſurd, and eminently ingenious and eloquent; he has let his readers, ſince his death, into more ſhabby ſecrets.

Delambert and the Mirabeaus were notorious ſcoundrels; the life of one of them was often forfeited to the laws of his country: It is known of him, that after poiſoning his father, or attempting it, he challenged him to fight a duel for daring to ſuſpect him. Such characters as their pupils, are not to be found in Plutarch's Lives, hardly in the Newgate Calendar. From theſe pure fountains of ſcience have emanated the ſublime doctrines, which have filled the Legiſlative Benches of France with Atheiſts, Rebels, Robbers, Aſſaſſins and Regicides.—"*O matre pulchra*

pulchrior filia pulchrior!"—Their very teachers would wonder at the ſudden efficacy of their precepts; beſides the evils whole nations have already ſuſtained from the perpetration of ſuch villainy, the miſchief ſpreads wider; crimes of the blackeſt hue, from their frequency, may loſe their horror; and the ear familiariſed to ſuch abominations, at laſt communicates the infection to the heart, till the whole maſs of ſocial virtue becomes attenuated and corrupted.

As to Mr. Thomas Paine, the obſcurity of his ſphere has hitherto confined him to petty rogueries, which (his reiterated treaſons excepted) have not yet mounted to the dignity of a halter: but his diſpoſition, doubtleſs, will be much exalted by the ſoil into which he has tranſplanted himſelf. The cheat and pilferer will ripen into the aſſaſſin and the regicide. In his heavy rhapſodies, he pretends ſometimes to examine all conſtitutions, and finds ours (which is tranſcendantly the moſt excellent) abounding with the moſt intolerable imperfections. Of late he comes to a fair declaration that there is no need of any Government; his own conduct furniſhes the anſwer—ſuch knaves as he make it neceſſary. —Were the univerſe reſolved into an Eden, and did its inhabitants walk about like our firſt parents before the fall, without ſin, ſhame, or cloathing, innocence and virtue would make the Government; but while man is man, the baneful tendency of his bad appetites muſt be checked and counteracted. Look at the accumulation of penal ſtatutes which ſwell the code of every nation. Why are our windows barred? Why do arms hang up in our halls? Why are there jails, bolts, and gibbets? But it is a naufeous taſk to anſwer nonſenſe, and to apply reaſons to aſſertions

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which refute themſelves by their own abſurdity.

The efforts of ſuch men as Doctor Prieſtly, who had lately a laboratory at Birmingham, of Mr. Thomas Paine, of the Paris Convention, and of Mr. Napper Tandy, of Bride-ſtreet, to deface the glorious edifice of our conſtitution, by railing at it, remind us of a ſtory to be met with ſomewhere, of a few Athenian Children, who having been chaſtiſed by their parents for defiling the ſteps of Minerva's Temple, next day to avenge themſelves, filled their little hands with mud, and daſhed it againſt the building, intending to demoliſh it.

MARCUS.

LETTER III.

SIR,

YOUR paper, I see, is charged with exaggerating the dreadful accounts from France; who but must wish the charge could be supported? it is not so. No newspaper has detailed or can possibly detail the twentieth part of the misery and horror which are every hour exhibited in that devoted kingdom. Wolves and tygers, when their hunger is appeased and their maws are gorged, forbear to slaughter; but these monsters seem to let loose destruction, for the mere pleasure of destroying. The once gay and happy Paris is converted into a Golgotha, and her streets into shambles: death is become so familiar to these savages, that they neither start nor turn aside at the sight of a mangled body or a headless human carcass. Imbecility, age, priesthood, innocence, tenderness of sex, nay, the shackles of the prisoner which commonly find a soft avenue to the most obdurate nature, excite in their cowardly hearts no sentiment beyond the ease and impunity which they furnish to massacre. Men who are wicked enough to meditate such mischiefs for their own happy country, affect incredulity; but they can neither be denied nor palliated, they are registered in that court "where the action lies in its true colour;" and, tremendous there will be the retribution! St. Bartholemy may now fall back to his station in the calendar, his anniversary has lost its execrable pre-eminence! and if the ignominy of that day stood before unparalelled, France may now boast that she has surpassed it—whole weeks in August and September 1792, have left deeper stains on the annals of humanity! To the devastation and butchery, which can neither be re-

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called nor expiated, we look back with hopeleſs horror! but what a hoard of anguiſh ſtill remains for ſympathy? A harmleſs and well-meaning monarch, a beautiful and calumniated queen, with her helpleſs infants, impriſoned like the vileſt malefactors, and dreading at every ſound, at every opening of the door, the axe of the executioner, or the kniſe of the aſſaſſin; or wearied out with the indignity of their calamities, wiſhing, perhaps, to be relieved from the agony of their terrors, by any fate their inexorable butchers may pleaſe to aſſign them. And this is the picture we are told the good-natured Iriſhman ſhould contemplate with indifference or exultation. It is as falſe as it is audacious, to pretend that all theſe acts of more than ſavage barbarity, have been perpetrated by a banditti whom the aſſembly of law-makers found it impoſſible to reſtrain; the contrary is notorious—it is proved, nay it is admitted by themſelves.

A band of theſe aſſaſſins was ordered by the aſſembly, from Marſeilles, (galley ſlaves and others) and kept ready in Paris for the bloody purpoſes which they afterwards executed. But even allowing that there has been ſuperfluous maſſacre; that half the number of murders would have ſufficed; that ſometimes Richard and James and Peter were ſlaughtered, when they only intended to deſtroy John and Henry and Stephen—the hell-hounds are comparatively innocent; they lap the blood, 'tis true, but thoſe who pointed out the prey, and halloo'd them on, are the real murderers: beſides, their maxims, their doctrines, their ſpeeches, and their principles, are death ſongs. When the common people were taught indifference to religion, diſloyalty to kings, contempt of ſuperiors, defiance of eſtabliſhed law, right and preſcription; the moral curb was taken off, and the furious

beaſt was left looſe to the impulſe of his own wild appetites.

The aſſemblies, and thoſe gangs of deſperate viſionaries, calling themſelves law-makers, are reſponſible to Heaven and to man for the blackeſt crimes, and the moſt complicated miſchief that ever entered into the human heart, or ſtigmatized the record of human actions. Let it be admitted for a moment, *bonâ fide*, that the rabble could not be controled: what follows? that the legiſlators were uſeleſs:—if they could have prevented them, and did not, the guilt is theirs; if they had only the inclination without the ability, they are cyphers; ſo here is the dilemma—they muſt either ſubſcribe to their own wickedneſs, or their own imbecility: it is exactly the ſame thing, and equally fatal to the public, whether the magiſtrate be depraved or incapable. And, oh, good Heaven! this is the conſtitution for which an ancient monarchy has been ſubverted, religious altars prophaned, the nobility and prieſthood plundered and degraded, ſubordination and military diſcipline annihilated, and the fineſt country in Europe deluged with the blood of its innocent inhabitants. But for all that has been loſt, ſomething has been acquired—liberty and equality; the liberty of doing every thing which conſcience, religion, and virtue prohibit; and equality, which ſubjects all that is reſpectable in ſociety, to the caprice and fury of the vileſt of the human ſpecies.—I leave them with the words of Shakſpeare:

——————Oh, you tyrants!
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heavier
Than all your woes can ſtir, therefore betake you
To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
In ſtorms perpetual, could not move the Gods
To look that way you were.

MARCUS.

LETTER IV.

I BEGIN to think it is labour in vain—falſe aſſertions or inconcluſive arguments, refuted and driven out of one paper, range themſelves under another title, and with little change in their form, and none in the ſubſtance, again inſult the underſtanding of the reader; the ſame controverſy ſtill continues, though the materials for it ſeem to be nearly exhauſted; but if the advocates for a bad cauſe are not weary, much leſs ſhould thoſe be, who have the ſupport of a good one.

The Roman Catholic aſks, why after ſuch repeated publications of his political creed—why after ſo many renunciations of a right derived to him from ſpiritual authority, to kill or depoſe heretic princes—why after ſuch numerous and conciliatory declarations, is he ſtill ſuſpected? To which it is anſwered, becauſe the ſame have been frequently made before, and as often violated; but much more, becauſe the eſſence, ſpirit, and practice of his religion, are held to be intolerant, perſecuting, vindictive, and entirely irreconcilable to the genius of freedom. The mild faith of the reformed, has long been the object of his jealouſy and hatred, and it is apprehended (were the means allowed him) would ſoon be ſo, of his perſecution.

Gentlemen who make ſuch proteſtations as the above, may be ſincere, and intend to obſerve them, but they can be reſponſible only for themſelves, not for the maſs of ignorance, prejudice and ſuperſtition, of which is compounded the bulk of too many communions, and theirs particularly. The ſhocking outrages and barbarities committed

in

in the profecution of redreſs, for the pretended grievance of tythes, are too recent not to have left a deep impreſſion on every memory.

The Turk or Jew, one believing in Mahomet, and the other renouncing Chriſt, might be ſafe under Catholic dominion, and unmoleſted; their faith or infidelity are too remote, there is no approximation, they excite no vigilance; but the Proteſtant and Papiſt are too near, their agreements and their differences would furniſh inexhauſtible matter for ſtrife and animoſity; the two religions are ſore from one another, they have rubbed too often; to bring them cloſer, would but tend to fret, to inflame and ulcerate. Who is there ſo ignorant as not to know all the blood which has been ſhed, all the miſeries which have been occaſioned, by the diſcordance of ſects, pretending to derive their light from the ſame incorruptible ſource of divine revelation? the world is not grown more reaſonable or better—far from it: from too many recent examples, there reſults a melancholy conviction, that the preſent is an epoch of the greateſt human depravity,

Is the poor and abject condition of two millions of emaciated Popiſh peaſantry, to be charged upon the reformed religion, or the aſcendancy of its profeſſors? No—upon the tyranny of prieſtcraft, and the holy idleneſs of a Popiſh calendar.

Some merit I find is aſſumed, for the reſpectful and ſubmiſſive terms, in which requiſitions for a pretty large ſhare in the government of the ſtate, are conveyed to the public.—*Fortiter in re, ſuaviter in modo*—is a precept not worſe for its antiquity, or for having been much recommended by lord Cheſterfield; yet, perhaps there would be ſomething more reſpectable in frank, bold, and candid language, which at once avows its purpoſe,

than

than in a low, grovelling, and inſidious ſtyle, which, like a bull-dog with a blood-ſhot eye, and the muzzle to the ground, comes creeping on, to get within your diſtance, and ſeize the throat before you are aware of the danger, or can prepare to repel it.

Hiſtory is philoſophy, teaching by examples :—when we look to foreign records, or our own, we don't find much encouragement to put our truſt in popes and councils. The following ancient ſpectres are not conjured up from the ſhades of time, to upbraid the preſent generation, who are innocent of the miſdeeds of their forefathers, but to juſtify the Proteſtants circumſpection.

When the reformed faith firſt raiſed its light in Germany, a brighter light was not kindled to obſcure it; the divines did not confer, the goſpels were not opened; it was oppoſed by the rack, the ſtake, and the ſcaffold; and that great abettor of Chriſtian unity, the hangman, was found an abler diſputant than the moſt learned and ſubtle theologian. The prieſt ſtood in the middle, the miſſal on one ſide, and the executioner on the other, and with ſuch an expoſiter, there was little doubt how the controverſy would terminate.

In 1572, the maſſacre on St. Bartholomew's feſtival (that ever execrable anniverſary) was planned and conducted by ſtateſmen and politicians. The princes of Lorrain, were men of lives too licentious to be much under the influence of any particular mode of church diſcipline, (though profligacy and bigotry are by no means incompatible) but they underſtood the power of enthuſiaſm over the paſſions of the multitude. What with the Guiſes was but pretence, with others they knew would be a motive.—The bloody buſineſs was arranged and executed; the

throats

throats of a hundred thouſand Hugonots were cut, and the butchery aggravated with ſuch circumſtances of cruelty and horror, as even at this diſtant period, make humanity ſhudder. The only diſgrace affixed to the memory of a celebrated Italian hiſtorian is, his having recited it without condemnation.

The revocation of the edict of Nantz is another glaring inſtance of fanatical perfidy. It is well known how the religious and royal faith of France were violated; no act could be more ſolemn, more preciſe, or more public, than the engagement entered into, except the infringement.

What a mild, what a truly evangelical radiance, uſhered in the attempt to re-eſtabliſh popery in England, under the amiable queen Mary! monks, biſhops, and cardinals, with the crucifix in one hand, and a flaming brand in the other, to ſet kingdoms in a blaze, and conſume by the faggot, the perſons of fellow-chriſtians, whoſe fidelity they could not ſhake, and whoſe arguments they could not anſwer.

The compendious gun-powder expedient in the reign of the firſt James, to exterminate hereſy by blowing up king, lords, and commons into the air together, is ſtill annually commemorated.

The precipitate and furious bigotry of that king's deſpicable grandſon, diſgraces the annals of royalty.

The frequent and hideous maſſacres in Ireland, are too well authenticated, and their palliation too often attempted, to be eaſily forgotten.

From ſuch examples the Papiſt averts his view, and the Proteſtant turns towards them unwillingly. But there are times, there are claims, there

is a language which will force recollection. Both may learn ſomething from them; the former, modeſty, and the latter, caution. A ſhore covered with wrecks, and ſtrewed with carcaſſes, holds out no very tempting invitation to the mariner to approach it.—Security, freedom, and happineſs, we know, are not inſeparable from a right of ſuffrage, and a ſeat in Parliament. They pay but an ill compliment to that religion, of which they are ſo tenacious, if it can make them no recompence for any privilege they relinquiſh for it. There are, no doubt, as wiſe and worthy men of the Romiſh perſuaſion, as of any other; but they don't take a lead in this new buſineſs, from the agitation of which, it may be preſumed they diſcern much confuſion, and little advantage. Nor do their computations agree exactly with thoſe of their forward brethren. They don't conſider three millions of men, as contending againſt a third part of that number, but rather the tenth part of a million, contending againſt the eſtabliſhed religion, conſtitution, and principle of two nations.

Whether a handful of malecontents, diſtinguiſhing themſelves by a particular denomination of volunteers, range under the preſent popiſh banner, ſpontaneouſly, or by invitation, is a matter of no mighty moment. Turbulent inſignificance can bring no great acceſſion of ſtrength or credit to any cauſe or party. They may be men of weight and conſequence, but they are not held to be ſo in public eſtimation. Of ſome of them it is reported, that they declared on the 5th of November, they "would fire no more for kings." Malice, perhaps, might ſay, that the next ſtep to not firing *for* a king, is to fire *at* him; and though they will not allow themſelves

to

to be ranked as papiſts, ſome inconſiderate people may dare to call them TRAITORS. The arms, however, which now clatter in their hands, were taken up to be employed in the defence of their king and country; from the firſt part of the engagement they have abſolved themſelves, and it is not probable the nation will inſiſt upon their adherence to the ſecond. Have ſuch puny agitators the preſumption to imagine for a moment, that their malevolence can ſap the allegiance, or ſhake the firm conſiſtency of two loyal and happy nations?—They hear the wind whiſtle, and flatter themſelves they have raiſed a tempeſt.

When a wretched mad woman attempted to injure the ſacred perſon of his majeſty, (a danger which his manly heart treated with deriſion) have they forgot the ſenſe of millions upon his recovery from an alarming diſtemper?—Have all the addreſſes, all the feſtivals, all the blazes of genuine joy, vaniſhed from their ſhallow recollection? but at theſe times, anarchy was not yet proclaimed in France; nor the ſubverſion of the ſtate, meditated by Mr. Edward Byrne, of Mullinahack, in Ireland. Aſk them what is their intention, and what do they wiſh for? they will anſwer—REFORMATION, and to obtain a better conſtitution. Are their morals more pure? has their education been more perfect? are their capacities more enlarged, or their reſearches deeper, than thoſe of millions of their contented fellow-ſubjects, who know the value of what they poſſeſs, and will not ſuffer them to moleſt it? hardly can it be believed, that any one of them would have the effrontery to affirm it of his neighbour. When mens brains are ſcooped out of their heads, their principles contaminated, their affections withered, and ſome Erynnis has infatuated

infatuated three kingdoms, credit may be given to their profeſſions, and ſome reſpect paid to their authority.

To the ſombrous lucubrations of the lately chaſtiſed Prieſtly, the dull libels of Paine, and the jargon of their diſciples, might be oppoſed the genius of our common law, and the proviſions of our ſtatute books; the labours of the wiſe, the learned, and the virtuous; the happineſs of the community, and the envy and admiration of every diſcerning foreigner; but ſuch artillery ſhould not be drawn down againſt pygmies.

Let them, however, hear the ſentiments of one enlightened REPUBLICAN on the Britiſh conſtitution.—"A ſtranger," ſays De Lolme, "beholding at once the various parts of a conſtitution diſplayed before him, which at the ſame time that it carries liberty to its height, has guarded againſt inconveniencies ſeemingly inevitable. Beholding in ſhort theſe things carried into execution, which he had ever regarded as more deſirable than poſſible, he is ſtruck with a kind of admiration," &c.

The admiration of this excellent author, ſhould be the more valuable, as it is the reſult of good ſenſe and enquiry after a reſidence of near thirty years in England. He wrote without ſupport or ſuggeſtion from any miniſter, or any party; with no other advantage than ſuch as he derived from the great approbation and ſale of his incomparable analyſis. It would have been pardonable, had there appeared in his reſearches, ſome tincture of perſonal ſpleen againſt a country, which, while it admired his genius, neglected his fortune; for ſurely no greater diſgrace can fall upon a nation, than to acknowledge talents, and at the ſame time ſuffer them to languiſh under inconvenience and penury.

LETTER V.

TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

A GOOD part of this Paper ſhall be devoted to a ſubject which much engages the attention of Europe at preſent, the mock trial of the unfortunate Louis.

In countries governed by law, equity, and reaſon, a criminal trial means a full, fair, and candid examination into the charges brought on one ſide, and the defence on the other, with an impartial ſentence of acquittal or condemnation according to the weight of evidence; ſuppoſing, firſt, the Judges to have a right to their juriſdiction, and the perſon brought before them to be amenable to their tribunal—this may not be a profeſſional defination but it is ſufficient.

In countries barbarous as France has been for ſome time paſt, and is likely to continue to be, it means the certain condemnation of every innocent perſon marked out as a victim to popular fury; the certainty of innocence and puniſhment keeping exactly equal meaſure. The victim is ſurely ſacrificed, and his juſtification afterwards being of no moment, is little regarded.

Subjects daring to try their King in any caſe, preſent a very prepoſterous and ſhocking ſpectacle; but what ſhall be ſaid of rebellious ſubjects daring to try him whom they had firſt depoſed, plundered and inſulted, with every groſs and ignominious aggravation of outrage?

For

For ſuch an act they have one ſolitary precedent, in the deteſtable ceremony with which Charles the firſt of England was murdered.

It is obſervable of the French reformers, that they know enough of ancient and modern hiſtory, to find out ſome flatigious parallel for every wicked deed; and capable only of imitating the depravity, they drop every other concomitant circumſtance. Thus, becauſe in the barbarous time of early Rome, an enthuſiaſt thruſt his hand into the flames for having failed to aſſaſſinate King Porſena, a bloody band of regicides offer themſelves to exterminate royalty in Europe. Becauſe Britiſh annals are ſtained with the formal murder of one ill-fated King, on ſuch ground they inſtitute a ſimilar proceſs againſt their own unfortunate ſovereign.—Though that iniquitous buſineſs in England has been always conſidered with deteſtation and horror, yet it will admit of ſome little varniſh, ſome falſe colouring which can't be applied for a moment to the inſtance before us.

England had a Magna Charta, and eſtabliſhed laws; the King knew them, was ſworn at his coronation to maintain them, and they did not flow from his pleaſure. Though he was the firſt title in the law, he could be no more than a third part in the Conſtitution. In political reaſon and equity, indeed it was as impoſſible to ſtrike off the head of one great component part of the Legiſlature, as with a ſingle ſtroke to decolate the whole Houſe of Lords or Commons, had they tranſgreſſed the bounds of their legiſlative authority. An encroaching King ſhould be reſtrained, and a tyrant may be depoſed, but the people can go no further. The wiſdom of the Engliſh nation, ſenſible of the dreadful conſequences

quences of ſuffering their ſovereign to be obnoxious to the fate of his miſguiſed predeceſſor, has long made it impoſſible he ſhould be ſubject to capital puniſhment. This, however, is the melancholy precedent; this ſtain of the Engliſh nation —this hideous and ſanguinary blot in the fair page of her records—this ſhameful outrage, at the mention of which the ingenuous native hangs down his head—at the remembrance of which he bluſhes.

Fearing the convention ſhould be one moment retarded in their deſperate progreſs, for want of a mode and form of iniquity, Mr. Thomas Paine ſtoops forward, and by an interpeter, reccommends to their peruſal the proſe writings of John Milton. This great poet is known to have exhibited in his own perſon, the moſt ſingular example of human genius—and royal clemency. After defaming the lawful Government of his country, and inſulting the character of his rightful ſovereign for ſuppoſed tyranny, he became the ſecretary and encomiaſt of the uſurper Cromwell, the moſt deſpotic tyrant that ever ruled; and after the reſtoration was ſuffered to live in tranquillity in England. His polemics have been as much the ſubject of contempt, as his poetry has been of admiration; the former had long been conſigned to neglect and oblivion, where they might ſtill have remained, had not the peculiarity of the conjuncture called forth ſuch a character as Paine to revive them. That lean kite ſtill ſcreams for blood, and the blood of an innocent King will be a delicious and a rare repaſt for him. When his beak has revelled in that banquet, then he may ſay with old Simeon in the Temple, "Now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace." —In his own country, however, which he narrowly

rowly eſcaped from, he is not likely to find peace or harbour, for he is there the object of almoſt univerſal deteſtation.

A King of France was very differently circumſtanced, from a king of England. In France the laws were executed or remitted acccording to the Sovereign's will and pleaſure; in the latter, though the name of the crown predominates, their adminiſtration is ſtrictly according to their own letter and ſpirit— mercy only is left to its diſcretion. —The French parliaments (Courts of juſtice) did not even attempt to make laws binding upon the State; they remonſtrated ſometimes againſt the King's edicts, and afterwards regiſtered them; his perſonal appearance, at once put an end to all expoſtulation. To hear that he was to be puniſhed for the violation of laws which he only could make, modify, diſpence with, or entirely abrogate, was new language. An author might as well be arraigned for dividing his book into chapters; or the owner of a vehicle for changing its ſprings, or the colour of the painting. The conſtitution of France, (a very bad one certainly) was completely arbitrary.

The poverty of the King's Exchequer obliged him to aſſemble the States; they ſaw the criſis, and availed themſelves of it: By one Revolution, after the moſt imminent peril of his own life, and of the butchery of his Queen and children, a witneſs to the murder of his guards, ſervants, and all who wiſhed to protect him, he was eſcorted as a priſoner from his palace to the capital, encompaſſed by ſpies, ſubjected to a guard, without the permiſſion and preſence of which he was not to be indulged in the moſt ordinary freedom or exerciſe. Not long afterwards, with a dagger at his throat, he was obliged to ſwear to the

renunciation

renunciation of his royal rights, and by a ſort of political ſuicide, to reduce himſelf from a ſtate of uncontroulable authority, to be the mere ſubordinant pageant of a new-moddled and incomprehenſible conſtitution.

Conſidering himſelf, as he well might, not conſcientiouſly bound to the obſervance of engagements thus compulſory, he endeavoured to eſcape from his ignominious thraldom; he fled, and was retaken; every ſeverity was doubled, every danger to his life encreaſed, every indignity to his perſon new pointed, yet ſtill remained for him a third, and a worſe ſtate of degradation—Depoſition and a trial. Perhaps he correſponded ſecretly with his baniſhed friends and kinſmen, who wiſhed to reſeat him in his Throne—perhaps he ſent them money—there can be no doubt but he wiſhed them ſucceſs, and in his own breaſt rejoiced at their preperations.

I ſpeak with certainty of his wiſhes, becauſe they were natural, and problematically of his actions, becauſe we have them only on the credit of the moſt infamous deponents. On this point, admitting for a moment that a King ſo treated could be guilty towards ſuch ſubjects, (for the "Dicers oaths" of his accuſers muſt be put out of the queſtion) is it likely they are in poſſeſſion of the proofs they pretend to? kept as he was a cloſe priſoner, environed by ſpies and enemies, his apart ments often forced, and liable every hour to be ranſacked, does it appear probable that they ſhould find in his cabinet the only papers preſerved which could ſerve to criminate him? Or, though not one emigrant of rank was taken priſoner, they ſhould diſcover by accident ſuch documents in a cheſt or two of plundered baggage?

baggage? The fabrication is like its inventors, impudent, falſe, and ſhameleſs.

A book was circulated clandeſtinely in France, before the peſtilential burſting out of the volcano, and afterwards publiſhed openly, with the title, (I think) of "The life of Maria Antoinette, Queen of France." The outline is traced from Henry IV's publication againſt his libidinous conſort. I am far from holding up her majeſty as a Lucretia, Cornelia, Portia, Arria, or the wife of Edward. Auſtere pudicity is not the oſtentation of the time; but I am as firmly perſuaded as of the Sun's being in the firmament, that it is a compilation of the moſt groſs, abſurd, and impoſſible calumnies; and I am not leſs convinced that it anſwered the purpoſe for which it was diſſeminated. Every frail and credulous female devoured it as a public ſanction for her private incontinence; every ruffian held it up as a ſhield for his rebellion and robbery; and fools believed it, becauſe it was impoſſible.—Something, no doubt, was reprehenſible in the manners of the court; too much levity and too much profuſion. That the conſtitution of France (if it could be called one) was bad, no man unleſs he wiſhed to diſplay his ingenuity in the defence of a paradox, could venture to deny; that the crown was too powerful, the nobility too inſolent, and the people too abject, is acknowledged; but how have the reformers contraſted it? By tranſcending all that was ever heard or believed of iniquity, by making man aſhamed of his form and faculties, and by degrading him in the ſcale of beings beneath the horſe he beſtrides, or the mad dog he avoids in his paſſage. The argument might be put on this ſhort iſſue; is the actual condition of any

worthy

worthy claſs of men improved by the revolution? many affirm, not one can prove it.

The falſe glare which is at preſent thrown over every thing in France, reminds me of an agreement made between two Engliſh gentlemen who travelled through Spain; weary with fruitleſs complaints of bad roads, and miſerable accommodations, they reſolved to ſay they were contented, and to paſs an encomium upon every thing preſented to them; they called the wretched mat on which they ſtretched (populous with fleas, bugs, and vermin,) a bed of down; ſtarved pigeons, in taſte and colour, worſe than crows, plump partridges; and rancid oil, Epping butter: this deluſion kept them for a time in good humour, but they got home half-famiſhed, and viſited by very ſerious complaints from hardſhip and inanition. To return to the trial; there is no caſe in ethics of more notoriety, than that conſcience is not concerned in the obſervance of oaths and bonds extorted from fear, and enforced by violence. The common illuſtration, I believe, is between a highwayman and a traveller; or a houſe-breaker and a houſe-keeper; the following is ſtill more oppoſite—ſuppoſe a robuſt and reſolute quack ſhould ſeize the perſon of ſome weak trembling patient; and force into his mouth a diſguſting and poiſonous noſtrum, threatening to pull his tongue out by the roots, if he did not ſwear to ſwallow it: would the patient who took the firſt opportunity to diſgorge it, incur the guilt of perjury?—even the punctilious ſcrupuloſity of a Don Quixotte would not heſitate to decide ſuch a queſtion.

What aggravates, if poſſible, the guilt of theſe ruffians is, that they had before them in the Britiſh conſtitution, a model of the moſt perfect

liberty,

liberty, cemented by the moſt admirable order, and their king would have moſt willingly adopted it; but ſuch a ſyſtem was not the object of ſuch reformers; men of blaſted reputation, unruly appetites, and deſperate fortune, could not reliſh a plan of ſuch rational and dignified moderation. To anſwer their purpoſe, every thing was to be inflamed and inflated; ſounding words were to be ſubſtituted for good deeds; a miſt of confuſion and darkneſs was to be raiſed, through which they only could penetrate, while the duped people groped about and were completely bewildered.

The meditated ſacrifice of the king is a mere meaſure of revenge, or of cunning cruelty. To prevent the repetition of crimes by exemplary puniſhments is the political aim of public executions. But who is to take warning from this example? not future kings, for they have depoſed one, and never intend to have another. No other individual can ever be in ſimilar circumſtances, ſo that it holds out no commination either to ſovereigns or ſubjects. No, that is not their intention; no, they mean to glut the cowardly ferocity * of thoſe ſavages, by whoſe favour they have been exalted into law-makers and hangmen, and beſides, to ſtop the mouth of him whom they have robbed and depoſed, and who knows perhaps, the perſons of

* The priſon door of Madam Lamballe was burſt open, and after ſhe had walked out and gone about twenty ſteps, ſhe was ſeized by the hair behind, and at the ſame time received a blow on the head and a gaſh on the neck, her head was then hackled off with ſome iron inſtrument between a ſaw and a file, her heart torn out, both together put on a board and carried under the queen's priſon windows.

The unfortunate emigrants, taken priſoners, were tied to carts by the feet, and dragged through the ſtreets of Paris; in this mangled condition, their bodies were thrown into fires and conſumed.

his plunderers too well, to ſuffer them, while he breathes to enjoy his ſpoils in ſecurity ; yet, their hatchets, their poignards, and their poiſons muſt ſtretch far indeed, if they can ſpeedily exterminate royalty, and the whole race of Bourbon.

Encumbered with parchment inſtead of money, ſurrounded with the ruins of every poliſhed art, amidſt murmurs or applauſes, glowing with the kiſſes of brothers, or with the inſpiration of dæmons, they may for a time ſend fire and ſword through the continent of Europe, and deſolate countries too weak and unprepared for reſiſtance ; but as the moſt aſtoniſhing coincidence of events gave them their preſent deſtructive power, many leſs aſtoniſhing may deprive them of it. That they may ſoon experience ſuch a reverſe, is the devout wiſh of every rational and worthy being in their own nation, and in every other.

MARCUS.

LETTER VI.

THE more we conſider the Conſtitution and preſent ſtate of Great-Britain and Ireland, the more ſurpriſing is it to find that an idea of internal diſturbance ſhould prevail for a moment in either country, eſpecially in the latter. That it does to a certain degree in England, the vigour of her meaſures, and the raiſed ſpirit of the law ſufficiently manifeſt. The magiſtrates taking cognizance of ſeditious publications, the militia of the kingdom embodied, a coalition of parties, and the parliament unuſually ſummoned, all wear the aſpect of alarm or danger.

Domeſtic malecontents however, greatly overrate their own miſchievous importance if they ſuppoſe their puny ſtings, and peviſh buzzings *only* have waked the ſleeping Lion.

To find the main cauſe, let them look abroad to that diſaſtrous ſcene which innovation and madneſs have ſpread over the continent of Europe. The calenture of French ambition threatens Holland, and her glorious ally with her wonted faith prepares for her aſſiſtance.

Traitors at home will draw upon themſelves the chaſtiſement they merit, yet whatever it may be, it will be reluctantly inflicted.

It would not be conſiſtent with the wiſdom of England, when it may be neceſſary to call forth her reſources againſt a foreign enemy, to ſuffer baſe and treaſonable diſcontents at home to diminiſh their force, and impede their operation. Before the veſſel puts to ſea, the vermin muſt be deſtroyed within,

within, and the worms ſcribbed off from her bottom.

When authentic accounts were received daily of all the oppreſſion, injuſtice, ſlaughter and cruelty, occaſioned by a French Revolution, every reaſonable mind concluded that the living example of ſuch complicated miſery would prevent even men of the moſt profligate principles and pernicious deſigns, from holding up ſuch a model for the imitation of their countrymen; it was vainly imagined, that even Diſſenters would be ſilent.

But not ſo; every thing which ſhould deter, was converted into incitement, the ſcare-crow became the perch, and from the bloody rags of French maſſacres, treaſon, rebellion, and murder were croaked out to the people with double vehemence.

To cover over ſuch flagitious exhortations, the moſt prepoſterous parallels between kingdoms and conſtitutions diametrically oppoſite were diſplayed with the moſt impudent hipocriſy, and the moſt abſurd aſſimulations.

Fluellin's compariſon between Alexander the Great, and Henry of Monmouth, where he tries to make out a reſemblance from the diſſimilarity of their actions, is not half ſo extravegant.

Common ſenſe ſtarted to hear there was no gradation between deſpotiſm and anarchy, between ſhackles and uncontroulable licentiouſneſs; that human creatures not permitted to do nothing worthy of the dignity of their nature, and that to rebel, to rob, and murder with impunity, were the eſſential exertions of a free conſtitution.

very every thing which the laws of God and man prohibit, were allowed to do

Societies, however, holding ſuch diſcourſes were formed, ſuch doctrines were maintained, and

and ſuch opinions diſſeminated. The eaſy well-meaning dupe, who believes that complaint is patriotiſm, and ſedition public virtue, would be ſurpriſed to hear the excellent conſequences which have already reſulted from them.

They have ſunk public credit and diminiſhed commercial confidence, our fellow ſubjects of England are afraid to truſt their perſons or their property among us, feeble minds are filled with inexplicable terrors and anxiety, induſtry is relaxed, and the poſſeſſion of every actual bleſſing fruſtrated by the apprehenſion of every imaginary evil.

It will not be ſurpriſing to hear the government made culpable for all this and more, for the high price of coals, and ſome other articles of conſumption; for what will not be ſwallowed by valgar folly and credulity, when it was arraigned for the incaſſant rains, and bad weather during ſome weeks of the late harveſt? Theſe true believers were conſoled however, by aſſuring themſelves that ſuch things would not again happen when Mr. Tandy's uniforms and accoutrements were ready for the new national battalions.

Enormous debt and heavy taxation, are grievances inſeparable from the grandeur of mighty ſtates, and ſuch alone can incur or ſuſtain them.

Extended dominions, great fleets and armies, power and magnificence cannot ſubſiſt without them. Look at the condition of England; we behold a debt of near 300 millions, and impoſts and duties upon every luxurious, and almoſt, every neceſſary article.

We wonder, at firſt, how even her Atlantean ſhoulders can ſupport ſuch a burthen. But to

ſurvey

ſurvey the whole of an object, we muſt go round it.

We then perceive her lands highly cultivated, the commerce of the univerſe flowing into her havens, her wealth accumulating, and, upon every trial, her reſources appearing to be almoſt inexhauſtible.

In the laſt war, ſhe ſtood by herſelf againſt the old world and the new, and ever ſince, inſtead of being drained and enfeebled, ſhe has encreaſed in vigour, dignity, and opulence. Shall her towers be beat down by the paper-pellats of Thomas Paine, Doctor Price, and Doctor Prieſtly? No, though the puiſny malcontents of Dublin and Belfaſt are joined in the conſpiracy againſt her.

Ireland preſents a proſpect which would make deſpondency ſtill more contemptible. A debt of hardly three millions, with taxes ſo moderate, that a ſtranger would imagine we had little or no eſtabliſhments. We ſee extended commerce, import changed into export, bogs into meadows, paſture into tillage, magnificent public edifices riſing in every quarter, canals, of the moſt expenſive conſtruction, to facilitate internal communication, a capital enlarged to three times its late magnitude, and ſquares, ſtreets, and houſes multiplied beyond computation. Theſe are not indications of an oppreſſed, impoveriſhed, or decaying country.

The bleſſed expediency of a civil war is not likely to improve it, nor need we apprehend that thinking men will be induced to overturn the government, though the correſpondents of RAB, the Northern printer, ſo kindly invite them to the attempt, and, among other alluring novelties, aſſure them they ſhall have tobacco for four pence a pound; *ay for four pence.*

The

The kingdom of the Saints is paſſed, and we muſt now expect the dominion of the ſnuff-takers. One of Moliere's Doctors tells his patient, that the having no complaint, a good appetite, and ſleeping ſoundly, are ſymptoms of bad health, and recommends copious purgations and bleeding; our ſtate Empirics profeſs themſelves to be of the ſame opinion, with reſpect to the conſtitution, and kindly offer to perform both operations for us gratis.

The preſent ſubverſion of the French Monarchy was begun in America. The people and ſoldiery ſent from France to co-operate with the colonies againſt England, when they underſtood ſomething of the conſtitution of the country they were employed to oppoſe, began to admire it.

Aſhamed of being ſlaves ſo long, they reſolved to ſeize the firſt opportunity of emancipation. It was the revolution of ſlaves, and as ſuch, ſtamped with injuſtice, wildneſs and cruelty.

They knew no diſtinction between reformation and robbery. They put down the tyranny of one man, to erect in its place a tyranny much more intolerable.

Their former paſſion for the great Monarch's glory was ſoured into the moſt rancorous deteſtation; the malevolence of fiends ſucceeded to the enthuſiaſm of royaliſts.

This new abhorrence of their king was however more unreaſonable and leſs eaſy to be accounted for than the perſecution of their nobility.

Taxes in France were to the laſt degree unequal and oppreſſive, upon the lower orders of the community. The nobles there contrived to ſhift them from themſelves upon the manufacturer, the artificer, the peaſant and the labourer: they had beſides

ſides many preſcriptive rights and priviledges utterly incompatible with juſtice, or the happineſs of any ſociety; to oppreſſion they ſometimes added inſolence; with a ſort of faſhionable jargon appropriated to themſelves, they too often gloried in their own diſgrace, and made ſport of miſery; they were, indeed, both coxcombs and libertines; yet, as Voltaire ſays of the Jews, *il ne faut pourtant pas les bruler.*

This unfeeling and odious diſpoſition was, however, by no means general; many of the French nobility and clergy (and with horror it muſt be remembered, theſe eſpecially whom the Demagogues plundered and maſſacred) were men of conſpicuous worth, honor and philanthropy.

But do our nobility and gentry deſerve to be levelled with the duſt, as being obnoxious to the ſame cenſure? Are their lands only exempted from taxation? Are their windows, hearths and houſes ſacred from the Revenue Officer? Do the wheels of their chariots beſpatter the artizan and huſbandman, who pay the duty for them? There may be miſrepreſentation and impudence ſufficient to affirm ſuch notorious falſehoods; but there is not ignorance enough to believe them.

One ſingle tax, the poor rate, paid by the gentry of England for the maintenance of the poor, amounts to more than all the duties to which the indigent are liable in the kingdom of Ireland.

With regard to the ſubjection of the people, were the firſt duke of England to lift his cane againſt a drayman in the ſtreets of London, "not all the blood of all the Howards" would protect him. His grace knows the laws and ſpirit of his country too well not to be aware, that if he gave the provocation, he muſt abide the conſequences.

—The

—The brawnieſt arm, not the Herald, would decide the conteſt!

On a ſubject of taxation, it is impoſſible to overlook the conduct of one gentleman of this country, a character diſtinguiſhed by every ſocial virtue, hoſpitable and humane, friendly and generous, the firſt to feel and endeavour to alleviate diſtreſs, to which from his ample and well-ſpent patrimony he could never be liable. When he propoſed in parliament to remit the collection of hearth-money on habitations of a certain deſcription, he did not mean at the ſame time to exonorate the wealthy; but to exempt poverty entirely, and to let the burthen reſt where he thought there was ſtrength to bear it. The expediency of the meaſure was diſputed, but the benevolence of his intention was unqueſtionable. Had ſuch a ſpirit pervaded the nobility of France, there would have been no Revolution.

MARCUS.

+ Mr Conally.

LETTER VII.

SIR,

THE eſſays and paragraphs which from time to time appear in your excellent and loyal paper, may be conſidered as antidotes to the ſeditious poiſon ſo plentifully doled out to the public, from three or four licentious preſſes in this city. Theſe laſt diſgrace the eſſence of liberty, by aſſuming its title. Their tendency is to deſtroy that, and every other bleſſing derived under our happy conſtitution; and their effect is to make the moſt moderate men wiſh, that the government, inſtead of relaxing its authority, would put forth every power of coercion with which the laws have inveſted it.

Truth, reaſon, and argument muſt fail to operate on minds too depraved or obſtinate to admit their efficacy; but they check the malignancy of faction, and prevent the contagion from becoming general.

To the projects of incendiaries in both nations, the decided ſenſe of the Britiſh parliament has already given a mortal blow, and this may be collected from the freſh virulence of their invectives, and a more foaming tide of declamation and nonſenſe.

Induſtrious as the Matinian Bee, the Democratic Orators light upon, and ſuck all the weeds of ſedition, then buzz about with every falſe aſſertion to miſlead, every doctrine which can corrupt the morals, and every incentive to diſturb and agitate the peace of ſociety.

This

This juice of Hebenon they now and then condescend to qualify, with a few luke-warm drops of affected attachment to the king's person, and the line of Brunswick, with a slight infusion of respect for the original outline of the constitution, only to give a more deadly poignancy to ideal grievances, and doleful predictions of events and consequences which never can ensue, unless two nations are weak enough to believe that they alone are sincere, enlightened and virtuous. It is lamentable to find consummate abilities overwhelmed by the weight of a desperate cause; to see the man whom so many love, and all the world must admire, forsaken or opposed by the very persons who, before his present excentricity of opinions, were guided by his wisdom, who made his judgment the standard of their determinations, his voice the organ of their public sentiments. Thus stands the most eloquent man in England at present. Opposed by his true friends, and supported by the followers of his bitterest enemy in the House of Commons, and mingling the bright flame of his incomparable genius with that smoky firebrand, Horne Tooke in the city, faction has now summed up its charges against the government, and we shall give each article an impartial examination.

A war with France, they say, is unnecessary and ruinous; why not negociate instead of arming?—To which it is answered, that Great Britain carefully avoided any interference with her internal politics, but her ally, Holland, being attacked, little as she wished for war, she thinks herself bound by the faith of treaties, not to observe a dastardly and perfidious neutrality.

As

As to negociation, the ſubject in debate would be decided before that could be commenced, or in other words, the Scheldt would be opened before an Ambaſſador or Envoy could deliver his credentials; ſo that ſuch a fruitleſs expoſtulation would only end in bringing diſgrace upon herſelf, inſult to her ally, and triumph to her enemies. A few ſhips of war ſpeak an unformal and decided language: the hoſtility is already begun on the part of France againſt Holland, and the aggreſſor muſt abide by the conſequence.

But let us not be duped by profeſſions. All this averſion to a French war, does not proceed from a tender concern for the blood and treaſures of England—far from it; a war once proclaimed againſt France, levellers and traitors at home can no more carry on their iniquitous correſpondence with their fellow-ruffians in that nation; they can no more feed them with exaggerated accounts of their own ſucceſs, in promoting diſaffection; no more ſupply them with proviſions, arms and ammunition; no more encourage them to diſturb and invade a country, which their pernicious induſtry has not been wanting to prepare for revolt and rebellion. A war with France being no way commodious for any of theſe favourite purpoſes, is therefore ſtigmatized with every vituperative epithet our language can ſupply to vexation and diſappointment.

Far be it from the writer of this paper to ſuppoſe, that the great man deſcribad above, or ſeveral others who vote with him, are actuated by ſuch diabolical motives; but there are too many who hold the ſame language, and are unreſtrained by the ſame humanity and wiſdom—too many who would purſue the cauſe exactly where he would drop it, and being without talents, property or principles, would deluge their country in blood,

with as little remorſe, as has been already manifeſted by the plunderers and paricides of the Paris Convention.

They next object to the precautions which have been taken for the ſafety of his Majeſty's perſon and the prevention of diſturbance and inſurruction.

What mean (they aſk) all theſe alarming appearances, the Tower fortified, artillery in the Park, a militia embodied, and ſuch numberleſs aſſociations in counties, cities and pariſhes? There is no appearance (they add) of diſcontent and diſloyalty which can juſtify ſuch open and unneceſſary meaſures of prevention; the government deſerves to be arraigned for ſuch ſuſpicions and timidity, and not the people to be ſuſpected of diſaffection or conſpiracy.

Not very long ago a highwayman was apprehended for an attempt to rob Lord B——y; when he was brought to the bar, inſtead of endeavouring to prove his innocence, or ſetting up any mode of defence, he began to revile his lordſhip for cowardice, and concluded by ſwearing, that if he had not had a blunderbuſs in his chaiſe, and been attended by four ſervants armed, he and his companions would have robbed him ten times over. It is not neceſſary to point out the exact reſemblance between the public depredator's intentions and rhetoric, and thoſe of the frontleſs aſſertors of the innoxious temper and deſigns of the levellers and Jacobins of Great Britain and Ireland. But it is eaſy to give a more ſpecific anſwer by aſking a few ſhort queſtions on the other ſide.

What mean the numerous ſocieties of deſperate innovators formed in ſo many parts of the three kingdoms? Why are poor men with ſtrong arms

and

and weak heads, cajoled and bribed to hear Paine's pamphlets read and expounded? Why are they ſo induſtrioufly circulated? Why has the Attorney General of England two hundred proſecutions for treaſon at this hour in his office? Why is a conſtant correſpondence maintained between the ſubverters of all government and order in France and the moody viſionaries of Great Britain? Why through half the towns and villages of England are the walls and ſides of houſes ſcrawled over with exhortations to the rabble to riſe, to rebel, to plunder, and to govern? The affected palliation of theſe enormities does not in the leaſt degree extenuate them.

Thoſe who pretend to deſpiſe the danger, but make or increaſe it; if *they* only are ſecure and without apprehenſions, well may be applied to them the words of CATO to CÆSAR during Catiline's conſpiracy, "*Sin in tanto omnium metu, ſoli non timent, eo magis refert, nos nobis atque vobis timere.*"

The perfidious domeſtic who unbolts the door or leaves the window open for the nightly robber, is in little danger, his crime is his ſecurity.

It does not appear probably that our preſent ſubordinate diſcontents, and the wicked infatuation of French politics will have much prevalence, or be of long duration, *tout na qu'un tems chez les hommes*, ſays VOLTAIRE; anarchy will not always be preferred to good government, tyranny to freedom, robbery to juſtice, nor will the vileſt of mankind be always ſuffered to trample upon the wiſdom of the world.

While the prepoſterous effort continues, it muſt be oppoſed, nor will it require any very extraordinary interpoſition of new expedients, or uncommon vigor to prevent the happieſt countries in the

univerſe from involving themſelves in the complicated miſery to which they are invited by their natural enemies. We have lived to ſee in France revolutions engendering one another, and a new monſter produced in every new generation, but the fertility of wickedneſs is not inexhauſtible.

Civil war, famine, and peſtilence will probably conclude what atheiſm, rapine, and anarchy originated, and the cataſtrophe will no be unworthy of the machinery which preceded it.

Every one may have ſeen the common alehouſe print called the *World reverſed*, to the ſeveral topſy turvey exhibitions, ſuch as a ſon correcting his father, and a ſalmon angling in a river for a fiſherman, I would recommend the addition of a few more, particularly the two following: in one, Thomas Payne the ſtay-maker ſhould be drawn, ſtitching together a pair of political jumps to fit every ſtate in Europe; and in the other, the pettyfoggers of the French Convention inſtructing Great Britain and Ireland in the true nature of moral duties, and civil liberty.

MARCUS.

LETTER VIII.

TRIAL OF

THE KING OF FRANCE.

NO ſingle occurrence perhaps, in the memory of man, contains ſuch a complication of iniquitous circumſtances as may be found in the late trial of the French king. It is not only a novelty in itſelf, but it is new alſo in this, that the audacious abettors of every act of outrage and deſperation producing and accompanying the ſeveral Revolutions in France, have not yet had the effrontery to attempt in this caſe the leaſt palliation of the proceedings of the Convention.

From a tribunal ſo conſtituted, no reaſonable man could expect the *ſubſtance* of juſtice; but with a front of braſs peculiar to itſelf, it aſtoniſhes us with the total diſregard even of the pretence, form, and appearance of that virtue.

Had the king's accuſers been able to verify all the charges accummulated againſt him (the maſſacre on the 10th of Auguſt only excepted) they would not amount to a degree of criminality ſufficient to endanger the life or liberty of the meaneſt individual.

Of the king's having contrived, ordered, or countenance that maſſacred, the ruffians not only knew he was innocent, but they knew ſome of their own members were guilty, and that the leading villain in that execrable tranſaction

tion, was ſitting among them, and eager to paſs ſentence of ignominous death for it on his defenceleſs and unoffending Sovereign.

Long before the commencement of the king's trial, it was foreſeen and affirmed by the writer of this paper (who pretends to no extraordinary degree of intelligence or ſagacity) that there was no evidence, no real voucher or document to ſupport any article of the impeachment; and it now appears that every one of the papers produced againſt him are palpable forgeries, which his hand never touched or his heart never dictated; yet hardly has his counſel cloſed his defence, and waſhed his innocence as white as ſnow, before a moment's time for the temperate examination of a ſingle article, when the Hall reſounds with a cry for his blood, and a battle enſues, *unguibus et roſtris* in the arena, between the vultures who are for mangling the royal victim on the ſpot, and others who wiſh to reſerve the banquet for a future opportunity.

Here, the prince of darkneſs himſelf might have envied the ſenſations of our righteous countryman, Mr. Payne, "joy elevates, and hope brightens his creſt," not for all "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind," for the more than "Barbaric gold of his maſter's throne in Pandæmonium would he forego the exultation of that triumphant hour! Thoſe who were convinced of the king's innocence, and alarmed at the conſequences of his execution, were at the ſame time afraid or unwilling to pronounce his aquittal; but under ſuch impreſſions they reſorted to the merciful expedient of his perpetual exile, or perpetual impriſonment; and the laſt they contemplate with particu-

lar ſatisfaction, as they ſay it will prolong his miſery, and be a more cruel puniſhment even than death.

The king's advocate is afraid to ſpeak out; his eloquence is reſtrained and fettered; he knows well where the guilt lies, on whoſe head the bolt of vengeance ought to deſcend, but he dares not touch the inviolability of democratic wickedneſs. France has erected her bloody ſanctuaries in every city, by the loud voice of the Herald; ſhe cries out, "come unto me all you that are heavy laden with robbery and murder, and I will give you reſt;" come unto me you who are beſmeared up to the ſhoulders in the panting vitals of priſoners, women, and infants, and here you ſhall find protection and honour; nothing is excluded here, but integrity, innocence, and mercy!

The diſcuſſions and conſequences of unjuſt judgments paſſed on private perſons and ſubjects are generally confined to the particular nation which is diſgraced by them; it cannot be denied that the tribunals of every civilized country, (thoſe of England not excepted) have been ſtained with foul partiality on too many occaſions.

Aſtrea will for ever weep over the tombs of Sir Thomas Moore, Sidney, and Lord Ruſſel; and when the memory of their fate recurs, the honeſt cheek will glow with indignation againſt the inexorable tyrant and bigot to whoſe fury they were immolated; that ſhame, however, reſts only upon England; but the trial of a king commands the attention of the univerſe, all mankind become ſpectators, witneſſes, and jurors. When judges ſo placed and ſo inſpected, dare openly to violate every principle of juriſprudence and equity, what

can

can be expected from them in matters of inferior magnitude, and leſs notoriety? To be beyond the ſenſe of ſhame is the conſummation of all human depravity! This calloſity of heart in France, does not proceed ſo much from the genuine temper of the people at large, as from the infernal induſtry with which new notions have been promulgated among them, and the multiplicity of ſtratagems uſed by their demagogues to confound their underſtandings, and ſtifle every natural ſentiment.

They have been told at one time, that all governments with a king at their head, however limitted, are tyrannies; that kings deſerved death for being born to royalty. At another time, that nature having made all equal, all mankind are equally qualified for every ſtation, and for every duty. Again they have been told, that if the *end* of actions be but auguſt and noble, it ſanctifies the means, though ever ſo baſe, bloody, and deſtructive; that the exiſtence of a God is a doubtful point at beſt, and that no thinking being ever ſeriouſly believed the Chriſtian Revelation.—"*L'Exiſtence d'un Dieu* (ſays the illuſtrious reformer, Mirabeau) *eſt une opinion Philoſophique qu'on peut affirmer ou nier de bonne foi.*"——I will not tranſcribe more of his blaſphemies; but when ſuch ſeed has been ſown, who can be ſurpriſed at the harveſt which has ſprung up from it?

The levellers in England made the overt acts of king Charles the ground of his impeachment. He had raiſed money by illegal taxes, violated the privileges of parliament, and aſſumed powers unknown to a free conſtitution: they falſely aſſerted beſides, that he had made war on his ſubjects, and ſhed their blood like a tyrant; yet with all this,

and much more, which was believed by the Engliſh nation, Cromwell was obliged to employ every artifice of which he was maſter, before he could procure ſentence of decapitation againſt his unfortunate Sovereign.

The effort in France is, not to procure the king's condemnation, but to adjourn the hour of his murder. That innocence ſhould be followed by abſolution, does not ſeem once to enter into the conception of theſe ſanguinary conſpirators. He may poſſibly eſcape by their fears, but he has no reſource in their conſciences.

It is difficult to determine, whether France deſerves moſt to be abhorred for the innocence which ſhe perſecutes, or for the guilt which ſhe protects. Under the very noſe of the magiſtrates, robberies, murders, and aſſaſſinations without number, have been repeatedly perpetrated; not one robber, murderer, or aſſaſſin has been brought to trial or puniſhment.

A new mode of ſheltering French enormities has been lately adopted here by the friends of confuſion. It is highly impolitic and indecent (they tell us) to publiſh lectures upon the conduct of a great nation, and to involve them all in indiſcriminate cenſure.

I ſhould be aſhamed to ſuppoſe that theſe papers were not entitled to their portion of this decorous reprehenſion; for I appeal to the candour of every reader of the public news, whether the example of France has not been conſtantly held up for the imitation of our people? Whether every doctrine which has produced the crimes and calamities of that country, has not been diſplayed with oſtentation and embelliſhment in more than half of our daily papers? Whether the uniforms

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and insignia of rebellion and anarchy were not bespoke, and supposed to be ready for parade in the streets of our metropolis? And if the firmness and vigilance of government had not interposed for the general safety, whether in a few months every gentleman in this kingdom might not hold his life, property, and freedom, at the mercy of a beggarly, unprincipled, desperate, and slaughterous banditti?—It is the duty of every man to endeavour to keep the plague out of his native country.

MARCUS.

LETTER IX.

SIR,

WHOEVER contributes to put down the fantaſtical and pernicious theories of the times, employs his pen to the beſt purpoſe, and his leiſure in the worthieſt occupation. Never before were tenets ſent abroad ſo wickedly abſurd, and ſo completely impracticable, yet never were tenets more artfully deviſed to excite to all ſorts of crimes, and to lead at laſt to ſedition, revolt, and anarchy. It may appear ſtrange, and yet it is true, that the politics of more than half of his majeſty's ſubjects are made by pamphlets, and the daily newſpapers.

Should the brown-paper tracts of Thomas Paine, with an account of the author, ſurvive the preſent epidemical criſis, we may, I think, anticipate the wonder with which they will be peruſed by poſterity; that wonder will be encreaſed, when it is known they were tolerated by any claſs of men above the loweſt dregs and refuſe of the people.

They will hear with new aſtoniſhment, that inſtant and general indignation did not ſpurn from ſociety a miſcreant, whoſe ink ſcatters nothing but infection, and that in a civilized nation the preſs was permitted to ſend out his reiterated defiances to Magiſtracy, and ſuch libels and inſults upon all moral duties, and every ſanctified principle.

Born a ſubject of England, he is known to be the venal incendiary, the hypocritical hireling of France,

France, receiving a ſtipend for his endeavours to ſhake the eſtabliſhments and diſturb the quiet of all well-ordered ſtates, that the tyrants of that brutal republic may riot with ſecurity in the ſpoils and plunder of their legitimate rulers; the wretches who have fallen by the muſket, or pinioned in jails are reſerved for the executioner, have already taſted the bitter fruits of that *tree of licentiouſneſs* which his hand has planted.

When his paymaſters find the tool grown too blunt for miſchief, he will be caſt by among the reſt of their lumber; let him then return to his priſtine vocations of making ſtays, pilfering widows, or retailing tobacco; in the mean time he may reflect with pleaſure, that he has contributed not only to corrupt the minds of his countrymen, but to debaſe their underſtanding.

Many very important ſubjects will ſoon claim the attention of parliament. Without the charge of dictatorial arrogance, we may be allowed to hope they will re-aſſemble with leſs rancour and animoſity that foamed out before their ſeparation: *Haud facile animus verum providet, ubi illa officiunt*;—Senators can't well indulge their choler, and exerciſe their reaſon at the ſame inſtant.

A meaſure which may induce a great change in the conſtitution of a kingdom, exciting the moſt ſanguine expectations of its advocates, and equal apprehenſions in its adverſaries, muſt be conſidered as difficult and momentous; ſuch at preſent is the catholic queſtion.

While ſo many think that too much cannot be given, and ſo many that too little, the event perhaps will ſettle the controverſy better than any previous ſpeculation.

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There are certain periods and conjunctures, which confound all ſagacity, when gueſſes or hopes muſt be ſubſtituted, inſtead of foreſight and inference; yet if there muſt be error, it is certainly better to err from too much lenity, than too much rigour, and while uncertainty abounds, he takes the ſafeſt ſide, who draws up under the banner of a virtue.

His majeſty, whoſe paternal regard, extends to the welfare of all his ſubjects, has not failed to recommend in the examination of this weighty buſineſs, *wiſdom*, as well as liberality.

If all the grievances ſet forth in the catholic petition do really exiſt, it is not wonderful they complain, and continue to be diſcontented; yet our ableſt lawyers affirm, that they are to be found only in that petition, which (they ſay) to uſe no harſher term, contains many miſtatements. They may have been placed there from ignorance, and it would be invidious to impute it to cauſes leſs venial.

So be it; proteſtant gentlemen alſo, well acquainted with the Penal Code, are under the ſame miſtake with our moſt ſkilful lawyers, and ſcruple not to declare, that they conceived many of theſe incapacities and oppreſſions, to have been done away in ſubſtance, and made in the Statute-book a dead letter.

They have been then for years, receiving thanks without having conferred any benefit, and conſequently, there is a long arrear of gratitude to be refunded to their ſtill afflicted ſupplicants.

We muſt hope that Italy, Spain, Auſtria, Savoy, and other Popiſh ſtates, will towards their proteſtant ſubjects, imitate the expected liberality of Ireland, at leaſt, that their bodies may be indulged

with

with chriſtian burial, a privilege they were not allowed even in leſs bigotted France, ſo long as that country could be called catholic: At preſent it is unincumbered with any religion, or any government.

This pregnant queſtion will be diſcuſſed and decided in its proper place, ſo no more of it here at preſent. Some circumſtances incidental to it deſerve a little notice. Whenever any matter of importance is about to be agitated, the lord lieutenant and his ſecretary muſt compound for their ſhare of obloquy.

No perſons in their ſtation ever were exempt from it, or ever will be. The earl of Weſtmoreland therefore, and Mr. Hobart are charged with duplicity and inconſiſtency in this whole tranſaction, but plain truth is too ſtubborn to bend to mere vociferation.

When the catholic ſubject was firſt brought forward, the moſt repeated and general complaint againſt the government was, that they preſumed at all to interfere, though that they ſhould not take ſome part in it was utterly impoſſible. It was called an internal queſtion, affecting chiefly the intereſt of gentlemen here, who only had a right to judge and determine.

With a moderation becoming their good ſenſe and their ſtations, the viceroy and his ſecretary ſeemed only deſirous to learn what was the real diſpoſition of the nation, in order to conform to it. This they ſtrictly did, and no more. After the ſatisfaction given to catholics upon certain points in laſt ſeſſion, the ſubject was for a ſhort time ſuſpended, but their agents and advocates again advanced with freſh demands, and ſo far as governmen could then collect the ſenſe of Parliament, it was adverſe to more conceſſion—Still the miniſters adhered to their firſt line of conduct, waiting for

the tide of public opinion without attempting to ſtem or direct it. In the ſummer, addreſſes and reſolutions ſigned by grand jurors and others ſwelled the public prints, expreſſing the ſtrongeſt diſapprobation of theſe new requiſitions, and the government was accuſed of ſetting the ſprings of this engine in motion, but it was overlooked at the ſame time, that in many, perhaps moſt of theſe aſſemblies they could have no influence.

The imputation is ſo unfounded that many while they repeat do not believe it. The proteſtants of Ireland have never been lukewarm in their attachment to the principles of the revolution, "An vero in hac urbe nos ſoli ignoramus, noſtræ aures peregrinantur?" How often have we not ſeen the exceſs of zeal flame out too fiercely in this conteſt?

The anniverſary of the gallant king's birth who expoſed his life in that cauſe, has been for a hundred years the favourite holy-day of our anceſtors, and of the generations after them; at this day it is commemorated by a pompous proceſſion. What tuns of wine are every year ſwallowed down in libation to his memory? Nay the battles of his generals have a place among our feſtivals.

Was this ſpirit laid at once ſo compleatly in the duſt, ſo "quietly inurned," that the viceroy and his ſecretary were obliged to diſpenſe the elixir of ſtate influence to re-animate and rouſe it from its lethargy? To dwell longer on the refutation of what has no exiſtence but in unfounded aſſertion would be but to waſte time, paper, and patience.

In the ſame ſtrain of falſehood has lord Weſtmoreland been repeatedly reproached for parſimony tho' perhaps his ſecretary was never but once reprehended for ill manners. On both theſe points. the authentic, indiſputable knowledge of perſons of ſtrict veracity and obſervation muſt have more

weight than untruths however deliberate, or the ſudden effuſion of ſplenetic perſonality.

Before lord Weſtmorland's arrival here, no nobleman in England was more diſtinguiſhed for generous hoſpitality. Since his reſidence all the branches of his domeſtic eſtabliſhments are as amply, as magnificently furniſhed as they ever were by any of his predeceſſors, and in ſome which are not inconſiderable, his expenditure exceeds them.

The improved good underſtanding, amiable diſpoſition, and engaging manners of Mr. Hobart had ſecured to him the eſteem and affection of a numerous acquaintance here, before it was imagined that any guſt of occaſional ill-humour would in public aſperſe him for rudeneſs, or that candor would be called upon to vindicate him. Such as know him but ſuperficially, muſt be captivated by his addreſs; and thoſe who know him intimately, will always love and reſpect him for endowments and virtues of a ſuperior order.

When that reverend miſanthrope Doctor Swift wiſhed to defame an adverſary, he made ſometimes the particular excellence for which he was conſpicuous the handle, by pretending to defend him from the contrary imputation, as if it was notorious; thus deſcribing the intrepid duke of Marlborough, he ſays, "he can hardly be perſuaded his grace was deficient in perſonal courage."

The calumniators of lord Weſtmorland and Mr. Hobart do not manage their ſlanders with equal ingenuity. Some perſons have been preached or ſatirized out of their vices, I hope we ſhall not live to ſee good men libelled out of their virtues.

MARCUS

LETTER X.

" The tyrannous and bloody act is done
" The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre."

THE good, the innocent, the humane, the merciful Louis, after enduring a ſeries of unparalelled perſecutions and indignities, has at laſt been publicly, and ignominouſly butchered by the blood-boltered paricides who owed him honour, allegiance, and fidelity. The virtues of a Titus have met with a fate fit only for the guilt of a Nero. His ſpotleſs ſoul is delivered from its tormentors, and in the manſions of Heaven will enjoy that endleſs beatitude due to his long ſuffrings, his reſignation and fortitude, while every furnace in hell will glow with ten fold fires, to conſume the monſters who have forfeited all claim to pity, by convulſing human nature with the diſplay of this prepoſterous tragedy.

In the hideous confederacy of theſe remorſeleſs ruffians, one arch villian, ſtands out pre-eminently execrable his late majeſty's kinſman, the ſelf-degraded Orleans. Unmoved by the natural ties of blood, by the memory of repeated obligations, by the ſenſe of juſtice, or the knowledge of his royal maſter's virtues, he not only devotes his ſacred perſon to the axe, but, (his blotched viſage crimſoned over with deeper immanity) adds his diabolical wiſh, that the king's guiltleſs ſoul may meet with equal rigour in its future ſtate of exiſtence, from the vengeance of the Deity. Even the convention bluſhed at this part of the ſentence, and with diſguſt forbid the miſcreant's execration to be publiſhed.

Theſe

These are the wretched subterfuges of cowardice; proscribed from every civilized country, plundered already in his own, of above half his possessions, trembling for what remains, and still more for his miserable carcase, he wears the vizor of uncommon ferocity to disguise the baseness of his quivering heart, and to recommend him to the nauseous mercy of his perfidious associates.

That he may have already fallen by the knife, or that he may by some exemplary chastisement, be soon swept from the earth whose surface his crimes have polluted, is a prayer fervently breathed out by every friend to humanity and virtue. Thousands and tens of thousands, if not already numbered with the dead, will undoubtedly perish, before expiation can be made for the royal butchery; nor will the blood of half the impious kingdom, be a sufficient atonement to the manes of the murdered Louis. Who could lament over a nation of Catalines? before the blow was struck, many well meaning persons soothed themselves with the hope, that the example of England might operate upon the fears, though not upon the humanity of the convention. The joyful restoration of royalty in that kingdom, the detestation of levellers, regicides, and republicanism, were striking admonitions; but those who knew the French assemblies best, reasoned better; they prognosticated, and the event has verified it, that they would certainly do whatever was most unjust, most tyrannical, cruel and sanguinary; for against the natural disposition, and acquired habits of a people, a remote example, and future consequences can have but feeble efficacy. Had

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not the levellers of England given them the precedent for the mock trial and formal murder of their ſovereign, it is probable they might not have thought of them. They would have taken him off in the way moſt familiar to them, by poiſon, or the poignard. Many were the diſtinctions between the two ill-fated monarchs, though there is a lamentable ſimilarity in their cataſtrophes. Our Charles endeavoured to eſtabliſh or extend diſputed prerogatives; Louis relinquiſhed many which were acknowledged, and indiſputable, rather than ſubmit to a parliamentary control, which he conſidered as unconſtitutional. Charles boldly erected his ſtandard, and let the ſword decide the controverſy; to avoid the ſlaughter of his ungrateful ſubjects, the mild, the benevolent Louis forbade the action of his troops, and fell a ſacrifice to his lenity. Though Charles had many virtues, he did not die by them; had Louis poſſeſſed the qualities of a tyrant, he might have finiſhed his days upon the throne of his anceſtors.

Let us turn from this melancholy picture to another which intereſts us more nearly. It was well obſerved lately in parliament, that whatever horror may be excited in the reſpectable part of this nation by the crimes of France, whatever vigilance may be awakened by the dread of her calamities, that there are too many traitors among us, who are preparing the ground and the colours for exactly ſuch another tablature in this kingdom. They have the ſame words in their mouth, the ſame weapons in their hands, and in their hearts the ſame barbarity. The nobility who

ſurrendered

ſurrendered their privileges and their ſignories, or in other words their boroughs, were to a man maſſacred. La Fayette, who took the lead in the firſt revolution, not being found abandoned enough to approve of the new plan of reformation, after having a price ſet upon his head, was obliged to ſurrender himſelf for ſafety to the national enemy, and now languiſhes in a German priſon. Every virtuous, every moderate man, has been hunted out and ſlaughtered! women and children have been aſſaſſinated! and women and children have been taught to aſſaſſinate! The public roads and ſtreets of their cities are ſtrewed with carcaſſes! In theſe ſtreets the name of liberty is preſerved by the cannon and a red flag (the ſymbol of martial law), diſplayed from their town houſe! the peaſants half famiſhed and without covering in the depth of winter, ſtand drenched up to the knees in ſnow in a hoſtile country! The money they plundered from the crown, the nobility and clergy, already laviſhed in bribes, ſubordinations, and military eſtabliſhments, while bankruptcy and famine, and all the increaſed horrors of war, glare terribly on the diſmayed faculties of the preſent domineering demagogues! Such, and worſe, is the actual condition of France!

At home we ſee treaſons upon treaſons vomited out from the preſs, panygyrics upon the French anarchy, and libels upon Iriſh freedom; emiſaries from the hive of French cut-throats, already in the heart of both nations; their gold diſperſed, their aſſaſſins poſted, their uniform and axes beſpoke and emblazened, their van-guard or ſkirmiſhers, under the name of Defenders, already on their march, forcing arms and money from Proteſtants, plundering and burning houſes,

and

and roaring out for liberty and a reformation of parliament! Such a ſeaſon for ſuch a meaſure is alarmingly choſen, with the addition of a war to hold up the mantle of democratic ſupremacy. To parliaments too often vilified within their own walls, and moſt audaciouſly inſulted from abroad, we owe the happieſt conſtitution in the world, and the moſt perfect enjoyment of rational freedom. To parliaments we owe trade and the admirable laws of Great Britain, and a nation riſing rapidly to a ſtate of the moſt flouriſhing proſperity. To ſuch parliaments the great leader under the flag-ſtaff of reformation, is indebted for fifty thouſand pounds, given by their bounty to the requital of his ſervices; he has diſtinguiſhed talents for a popular aſſembly; he has ſhewn that he can roule, inflame, and exaſperate; there is no doubt he can compoſe, be juſt and temperate: let him if it is poſſible, give more dignity to the great national fabric—but let him beware at the ſame time, not to ſhake it to the foundations. He has experienced the perſecution of a mob, and the protection of a government—he will ſurely deſpiſe the one, and countenance no injuſtice againſt the other.

MARCUS.

FINIS.